

# The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## MENDELSSOHN.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

It is at the request of the executors and surviving relatives of Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, that we announce their desire to collect his letters, to serve, at a future period, as materials for an authentic memorial of the deceased. It is to be hoped that this announcement—being formal—will preclude the publication of such letters in any other way; and will induce the many friends of Dr. Mendelssohn in England to communicate copies of the letters which they may possess to any of the members of his family: such communications to be directed to the deceased's brother, Mr. Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

## STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

We have omitted to name a distinguished and voluminous composer for the piano, belonging to the Moscheles period—Ferdinand Ries. Ries was one of the few who enjoyed the honour and advantage of Beethoven's counsel. A man of great industry and talent, he wanted nothing but genius to conduct him to the highest results. But invention and imagination were denied, and Ries, like others before him, strove to make up in quantity for what was lacking in quality. He composed in every style. Oratorios, operas, symphonies, quartets, and chamber music of all forms and varieties came from his pen with equal readiness. It was a matter of indifference to Ries what he undertook. He would set about an oratorio, a symphony, or an air with variations with the greatest nonchalance. He possessed the facility which is mistaken for genius by those who have not the gift of analysis, to so great a degree that it led him into twaddle and prolixity almost as often as it enabled him to accomplish good things. His amazing ease of production militated against his fame. Nevertheless, being a cultivated musician, whatever Ries gave to the world would stand the test of critical examination, and if accused of exuberance and insipidity, could not be condemned for clumsiness. Thoughtful and ambitious, much and fast as he wrote for the publishers, Ries had always time to devote to a class of compositions for which those gentlemen are known to entertain an instinctive aversion. In the midst of his teaching, his public playing, his occupations as *Kapellmeister* and conductor at some of the great musical meetings in Germany,\* symphonies, concertos, quartets, would issue from his portfolio as regularly, and in as quick succession, as though his whole time had been taken up in manufacturing them. Ries loved his art, and it was no fault of his that he did not influence it in a greater degree. He had all the will to do great things,

and entertained a full conviction that what he wrote was for all time and would entitle him to a place beside the greatest masters. But unhappily it was not for him to decide upon this matter; his contemporaries thought differently of the merits and influence of his works, and now that he is no more, posterity has put the seal upon their verdict.

The pianoforte compositions of Ferdinand Ries are very numerous, and may serve as well as anything else to help us to a general estimate of his talent. He wrote concertos, sonatas, trios, duets, and smaller pieces of almost every denomination. He was a first-rate pianist, and his music naturally presents much that is interesting and more that is eminently useful to the student of the pianoforte. He was thoroughly acquainted with the sonata form, and has left many excellent proofs of his knowledge. But there is a certain dryness about his works which prevented them from being popular while he lived, and has since, consigned the greater part of them to oblivion, although Ries has not been dead many years. The most celebrated of his larger compositions for the pianoforte is the concerto in C sharp minor, which is even now frequently used as a piece for display. There are some very fine ideas in this concerto, which abounds in difficult *bravura* passages that require a great command of the instrument to play effectively. The opening is grand and passionate, and the whole of the first movement good—perhaps the best effort of the composer. The slow movement and *rondo* are much inferior, and the instrumentation, after the first *tutti*, presents very few points of interest. The studies of Ries are admirable as manual exercises; and for a brilliant *morceau* in the popular style, his fantasia on "Those Evening Bells" is, perhaps, as good in its way as anything of the kind that has been produced. The sonatas of Ries are all well written, and in spite of a tendency to redundant detail may be consulted with advantage both by pianist and composer. In none of them, however, do we find indications of those high qualities which entitle their possessor to rank among the composers of real genius.

Aloys Schmidt, a German musician, who has lived many years at Frankfort, and Kuhlau, a flute-player and composer, both deserve mention among the pianoforte writers of the epoch just expired. The former, a professor of deserved eminence, is chiefly known by his studies, which should be diligently practised by all who wish to acquire mechanical proficiency. The latter, in some duets for flute and piano (the best things of the kind extant), has shown a great familiarity with the sonata form, in which he writes with fluency, clearness, and effect.

Marschner, a popular and well-known dramatic composer, has written some sonatas for the pianoforte, which, like his operatic music, smells strongly of Weber; whose mannerisms are even exaggerated by the composer of *Der Vampyr*. These

\* Ries was conductor of the Triennial Festival of the Rhenish cities of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Dusseldorf, for some years. In 1835-6 he shared that office with Mendelssohn, who selected Dusseldorf, while Ries chose Cologne.

\* A set of Six is published at Chappell's, in Bond-street.

sonatas, nevertheless, are worth perusal, although they are written so awkwardly for the instrument that we are led to conclude Marschner is not a pianist.

Reissiger, and his trios, are well known enough by all amateurs to save us the necessity of dilating on their merits, which are not very deep beneath the surface. They are good show-pieces, and that is all. Pianist, violinist, and violoncellist, can each shine to his heart's content, without any prodigious amount of exertion, or any extraordinary display of skill. Hence their extensive popularity. Their form, however, is clear, and though the ideas are poor and the general style common-place the interest attached to the sonata-form is so inevitable that even musicians can listen to these trios with some degree of interest. This must be our excuse for mentioning Reissiger, who, except as a manufacturer of easy pieces for amateurs, has had very little influence on the art and has no claim to be ranked among the great composers for the pianoforte.

Among the successful imitators of Mendelssohn we should have cited Kufferath, a pianist and composer of some distinction, resident at Brussels. Kufferath has written some excellent studies, which develop with great success many of the peculiarities of the modern style. Their practice cannot fail to promote the acquirement of that mechanical facility which is indispensable to those who desire to excel as public players.

We have still to speak of a composer who for originality of talent stood as much apart from his contemporaries as Beethoven, Weber and Mendelssohn, and who, moreover, has contributed a large number of works to the pianoforte. We mean Franz Schubert.

(To be continued.)

#### MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 56.)

Multum in Parvo.—Old Saying.

A long yarn about Mr. Little.

Doll. Truly you are a most sweet old man as ever I saw. By my troth you have a face able to make any woman in love with you. • • • Ah! those sweet grey locks! By my troth, they are most lovely! • • • Oh, you are an old boy! You have a wanton eye of your own. Ah! you sweet, sugar-lipped wanton, you shall win as many women's hearts as come into your company.—*First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, Act ii., Sc. 1.

What he read he could transcribe, but as what he thought—if ever he did, think—he could but ill express, so he read on. • • • And this is his real merit, and the whole of it.—*Warburton's Preface to Shakspeare*.

He vot prigs vot isn't 'isn.

Ven he's cocht must go to pris'n.

Leigh Hunt.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores,

Sic vos non vobis, nidificatis aves,

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves,

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

Virgil.

Hic liber est, conglutinat ex tam multis libris, quot unus pinguis coctus oves, boves, sues, grues, anseres, passeris, coquere, aut unus fumosus calefactor centum magna hypocausta, ex illis calcinare possit.

*Epistole Obscuror Viror.*

Du sollt nicht atehlen.

Moss. das 2 Buch. 20 Cap.

La manière dont il composoit ses ouvrages, mérite bien que j'en fasse une glorieuse mention. Il passoit presque toute la journée à lire les Auteurs Hébreux, Grecs, et Latins, et à mettre sur un petit carré de papier chaque apothegme ou pensée brillante qu'il y trouvoit. A mesure qu'il remplissoit des carrés il m'employoit à les enfilier dans un fil de fer en forme de guirlande et chaque guirlande faisoit un tome. Que nous faisions de mauvais Livres! Il ne se passoit gueres de mois que nous ne fissions pour le moins deux volumes, et aussitôt la presse en gémissoit; ce qu'il y a de plus suprenant, c'est que ces compilations se donnoient pour des nouveautés; et si les Critiques s'avisent de reprocher à l'Auteur qu'il pillait les Anciens, il leur répondoit avec une orgueilleuse effronterie, *furto lætatur in ipso*.—*Gil Blas*, liv. x., c. xii.

#### Plagiarism the Eleventh.

Full of those dreams of good that vainly grand  
Haunt the young heart—proud dreams of human kind—  
Of men to Gods exalted and refined—  
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,  
Where earth and heaven but seem, alas! to meet.

These are taken from that noble compliment to Lord Chancellor Hyde:—

DRYDEN.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye  
Until the earth seems joined unto the sky;  
So, in this hemisphere, our utmost view,  
Is only bounded by our King and you.

#### Plagiarism the Twelfth.

On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurled,  
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the world!"

Poor Shirley has been savagely plucked. His writings, which scarcely procured a clean shirt to his back once in the month, have helped to clothe our Milesian malefactor in many a fine doublet. *Ecce signum primum.*

SHIRLEY.—*The Gentleman of Venice*, Act v., Sc. 1.

Urs. Giovanni,

Sweet Giovanni—there's a sunshine word.

In one of Tom's melodies we have a similar thought—

"'Twas sunshine spoken,"

exclaims the wretched dwarf. "Ροδα μ' ειρηνας," "you have spoken roses to me," says Aristophanes, in his beautiful comedy of *The Clouds*, v. 907. Suidas, in his Lexicon, prettily explains it, "Αντι του εμοι τα ροδα σου ειρημενα ροδα εστιν." This perhaps is the original of Shirley.

#### Plagiarism the Thirteenth.

From behind

Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen  
The harem's loveliness, white hands were seen  
Waving embroidered scarves, whose motion gave  
A perfume forth, like those the Houris gave,  
When beckoning to their bowers the immortal brave.

These are pretty lines, God wot! and I gladly award Moore the praise of having transplanted them from Lord Byron, who, more poetico, translated them beforehand from Gibbon's glorious history, chap. li.

GIAOUR.

But him, the maids of Paradise

Impatient to their halls invite,

And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes

On him shall gleam for ever bright.

They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,

And welcome with a kiss the brave!

Who falls in battle 'gainst a giaour

Is worthiest an immortal bower.

GIBBON—*Decline and Fall*.

Methinks I see the black-eyed girls looking upon me; one of whom should see appear in the world, all mankind would die for love of her And I see in the hand of one of them a handkerchief of green silk, and a cup of precious stones, and she beckons me, and calls me, "Come hither quickly, for I love thee."

#### Plagiarism the Fourteenth.

Too happy day! when, if he touched a flower  
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour,  
When thou didst study him till every tone  
And gesture and dear look became thy own,  
Thy voice like his, the changes of thy face,  
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,  
Like echo sounding back sweet music, fraught  
With twice the aerial sweetness it had brought.

Even for so simple an act as the consecration of a flower, he resorts to poor

SAM ROGERS—*Human Life.*

At length he goes a pilgrim to the shrine,  
And for a relic would a world resign;  
A glove, a shoe-tye, or a flower let fall—  
What though the least, *Love consecrates them all.*

And albeit all his prate about music—"sweet music"—he is obliged to steal one of his very best thoughts in the same passage from

EDWARD MOORE—*Fable XV.*

The bridal partners thus ally'd,  
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,  
One body, heart, and spirit live,  
Enriched by every joy they give;  
*Like echo from her vocal hold*  
*Returned in music twenty-fold.*

### Plagiarism the Fifteenth.

*No: dread, unlooked for, like a visitant*  
*From the other world, he comes as if to haunt*  
*The guilty soul with dreams of lost delight—*  
*Long lost to all but Memory's aching sight.*

The very same image is used by

LORD ROCHESTER.

All my past life is mine no more,  
The flying hours are gone,  
Like transitory dreams given o'er,  
Whose images are kept in store.  
By memory alone.

### Plagiarism the Sixteenth.

*There on the banks of that bright river born*  
*The flowers that hung above its waves at morn,*  
*Blest not the waters as they murmured by*  
*With holier scent and lustre than the sigh*  
*And virgin glance of first affection cast*  
*Upon their youth's sweet current as it past.*

Browne, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, gave this thought to the lover and mail-coach companion of sweet Fanny of Timmol.

The rose which but this morning spread her leaves  
Kist not her neighbour flowers more chaste than we.

This is not the chaste kind of kissing the author of *Little's Poems* likes best.

### Plagiarism the Seventeenth.

*Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll*  
*Their suns away—but, ah! how cold and dim*  
*Ev'n summer suns when not beheld by him.*

In one of his mawkish melodies, our author gives a new hash of this thought, e. g.

*I only know that without thee*  
*The sun himself is dark to me.*

I believe I once read in an obscure author, named Horace, some lines very like the foregoing. They ran somewhat thus:

*Ode v., lib. 4.*

*Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus*  
*Affulsit populo, gratior ille dies,*  
*Et soles melius nitent.*

Which one Mr. Francis has very well translated—

For in thy countenance the spring  
Shines forth to cheer thy people's sight;  
Then hasten thy return, for thou away  
Nor lustre has the sun, nor joy the day.

The same thought occurs also in a Latin epistle of Hippolyta to her husband, Balthazar, printed in the appendix to Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth*, vol. vi., page 260.

*Nec mihi displicent, quæ sunt tibi grata, sed ipsa est*  
*Te sine lux oculis penè inimica meis.*

It is odd that Tom, Horace, and the lady should have hit upon the same fancy.

### Plagiarism the Eighteenth.

*Oh grief beyond all other griefs, when fate*  
*First leaves the young heart lone and desolate*  
*In the wide world, without that only tie*  
*For which it loved to live, or feared to die;*  
*Lorn as the hung up lute that ne'er hath spoken*  
*Since the sad day its master chord was broken.*

Poor Ned Quillinan! I knew him well. A better man at brandishing a broadsword, or reining in a steed, or disciplining a troop, or mawling a dun, or hiding sixteen tumblers of punch under his belt, never lived. These were his virtues. Why, alas! did he meddle with poetry? Scarcely had he entered the literary lists, when one of his finest thoughts became the prey of the Old Dragon. Not the fact of his being a brother Irishman, nor his own well-established reputation as a duellist and fire-eater, saved him from the pellet-loading antagonist of Frank Jeffrey. Mark how coolly Tom has taken to his work; and how unmercifully he slices away the fine metaphors of

CAPTAIN QUILLINAN.—*Poems.*

Off in romantic fantasy of thought,  
When holding strange communion with my heart  
I think it is a harp. \* \* \* \* \*  
One string there was upon this injured harp  
Whence music of sublimest influence woke,  
'Twould soothe the my cares when most my cares were sharp,  
For with a noble melody it spoke.  
'Twas friendship's string, but that is long since broke:  
The hand of falsehood snapt the chord in twain,  
And my whole soul so harrowed with the stroke,  
That now, when other hands would try again  
To find that broken string, it spurs them with disdain.

These lines are ludicrous enough, Heaven knows, but the gallant Captain himself has little reason to complain. He stole the thought from Tom Campion, in

DAVISON'S *Poetical Rhapsody.*

And as her lute doth live or die,  
Led by her passions, so must I,  
For when of pleasure she doth sing  
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,  
But if she do of sorrow speak,  
Even from my heart the strings do break.

(To be continued.)

### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE last of the winter series of fifteen concerts took place this week, and appeared to be no less successful than the most successful of the preceding ones. The directors may now look upon this undertaking as established. There were many reasons for doubting the permanent success of such a speculation. The novelty was sufficient to carry it through one season; but the popular article of attraction, ballads, must soon be "used up." There is a tedious monotony in this class of music, of which every one must be heartily sensible in a very short time. In the present manner of writing these compositions there is so little worth even first hearing that a second becomes an infliction. The music is generally of so consumptive a nature, that, from humane motives alone, one wishes it dead outright, that it may be relieved from its misery. There are exceptions to the rule, but not sufficiently numerous for the weekly sustenance of nearly three thousand persons, which we believe to be the average number of visitors to the Wednesday Concerts. For some of the old ballads the English public still and ever will retain an affection; but they do not care to hear them every week, and the novelty of their being sung by some favourite singer can alone excuse their frequent introduction in our concert



rooms. During the last season, Mr. Braham and Mr. Sims Reeves disinterred many of the old British songs; but we do not think those songs have much to be thankful for. Mr. Braham appears to have retired, and Mr. Reeves does not seem to think it necessary to trouble the manes of the departed oftener than necessary. Whether convenient or inconvenient, Mr. Reeves has adopted another style—which leads us to suppose that he finds the public in a mood to have something better. The generality of old ballads are very well in their way, and doubtless answer the purposes of authors, singers, and publishers; but the present generation regard them with about the same kind of curiosity as one bestows upon an ancient mummy—useful to look at, as forming a link in a certain history, but of no further consequence. All agree that they should be taken great care of in the Museum, but that on no consideration should permission be given to remove them.

The directors of the Wednesday Concerts are evidently aware that the existence of those entertainments would be at best but ephemeral if they did not diverge from the path which, in the commencement, they intended to pursue. We can discover indications of improvement. There has been no lack of spirit on the part of the directors in the engagements they have made. The orchestra is very superior to what it was last season; and, considering its numbers, we do not know where it could be improved, unless by a little more attention. Mr. Anschuetz, the conductor, is well qualified for his situation, and we hope that during the next series we may have to mention him more frequently than we have hitherto had occasion to do. The engagement of the celebrated violinist, Ernst, has been of great importance, not only on account of the attraction of his name and talents, but also from the increased consequence and higher position the concerts have obtained, through his means, among the better informed amateurs, without whose support neither these nor any other public concerts can hope to prosper in the long run. On each succeeding night the attention paid to Herr Ernst's performance has increased, until his appearance on the platform has been the signal for applause frequently of several minutes' duration. It is a common error to assume, in speaking of a great musical work, or the performance of a true artist, that "it is too good for the general public," "they do not understand it," &c., &c. Among the most successful performances of the season have been a selection from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Ernst's solos on the violin, Beethoven's "Adelaide," by Mr. Sims Reeves, the "Qui sdegno," from *Zauberflöte*, by Herr Formes, and the song of "The Queen of Night," from the same opera, by Mrs. Newton. These are compositions of the highest order, but the public did not think they were too good for their appreciation. On the contrary, they appeared to have a strong liking for them, and never allowed them to pass without soliciting a more intimate acquaintance. The assumptions about the public not liking this and not appreciating that are pure nonsense and pure calumny. Certainly they have few opportunities of showing their taste, since few will take the pains to guide them; but those who have the courage to do so never fail to derive profit by it. *Israel in Egypt*, *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, the *Choral Symphony* of Beethoven, *Don Juan*, cannot be pronounced light works, nor in their production have the composers given themselves any great concern about "tickling the popular ear;" yet when great receipts are indispensable, these or such as these, if other such exist, are presented to replenish the treasury which has been exhausted by the attraction of the "pleasing" works. It is altogether a mis-

take to suppose that the public do not know how to appreciate between good and bad. Give them what is good; they will understand it well enough. But it must not be forgotten that, to be understood, good music requires to be well executed, and this part of the arrangement is too frequently neglected.

But we are losing sight of our subject. What has *St. Paul* to do with the Directors of the Wednesday Concerts, or the Directors with *St. Paul*? We must return to our duty, and narrate the events at Exeter Hall. We repeat that the engagement of Herr Ernst has been of the greatest advantage. His compositions are entirely original, and written in such a manner as to prove him an accomplished musician. In many points of his playing, Herr Ernst stands quite alone. There are other violinists whose facility may equal his, although no one has ever surpassed him; but that is the end of the competition. For fine expression and singing on the instrument he is unrivalled. His talent is universal. In the quartet, concerto, fantasia, caprice, sonata, &c., he is equally at home, and has the power more than any other known artist of imparting variety to his style. The hackneyed *Carnival* and Mayseder's *Air Varié*, after having endured all kinds of indignities from a host of candidates for public favour, become quite new under Ernst's protection. He has played the first at nearly every concert during his engagement, and on each occasion has introduced new variations, many of them of such elegance that the public have been as much charmed by the fancy as astonished by the skill of the artist. We do not remember any instrumentalist having so firmly established himself with the public as Herr Ernst. We hope that Ernst will long remain with us. His presence cannot but have a beneficial influence on professors and amateurs of the violin in this country.

The permanent engagement of Herr Formes has also been of great advantage to these concerts. His first appearance was in a selection from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. His magnificent voice, and perfect acquaintance with that noble style of music, immediately won for him a high position with the audience. Good judgment has not been shown on all occasions in the selections of songs for Formes, to whose style such compositions as the "Bay of Biscay" are unsuited. Many of the public still remember Inledon, Braham, and other popular English singers, in this healthy nautical ballad, and it could not be expected that Herr Formes would be able to give a proper version of the song in the short time that he has been in this country. It cannot be expected that any one should enter into the true spirit of that which he does not understand. However, great praise is due to Herr Formes for the pains he has taken, and for the progress he has made in our language. His declamation in the recitative to "Ruddier than the cherry," and "The Wolf," were as fine as anything we have heard. His pronunciation of the English was as correct as that of an Englishman. Herr Formes is engaged as *primo basso* at the Royal Italian Opera. The managers will find immense advantage in his services. He is one of the best actors on the stage, and those who have seen him in Leporello, Marcel, Mephistopheles, Roberto, and Caspar, will be delighted to have an opportunity to see him on the stage again. We do not know whether he is engaged at Mr. Stammers' second series of concerts, but we trust he is. The public would not willingly part with him.

Mr. Sims Reeves came late in the season, but received a hearty welcome from all parties. Our great tenor never sang better, although he has had a fatiguing campaign of some months in the country.

Amongst the successful first appearances may be mentioned

that of Miss Eyles, who has an excellent voice and a naturally good manner of singing. With time and study she will take a good position. The Misses Cole also made a favourable impression by their singing in some duets of Mendelssohn, &c. Mr. Frodsham was announced in the prospectus as one of the "stars." He is a good singer, although not a "star." If he had been made less of in the announcement he would have been made more of by the public. It is seldom we meet with a voice of such a high register as his. There is no pretension to power, but what he undertakes he does well. That the public were led to expect something more was not Mr. Frodsham's fault. If he perseveres he will be a favorite. He has all the requisites. There were several others whose appearance it would be kind to forget; but we should not like to leave Mrs. Newton without according a word of strong praise. She has been long known to the public, but never so favorably as this season. Her excellent singing in the elaborate song from the *Zauberflöte*, and other difficult pieces, will not soon be forgotten. Mrs. Newton must be a good-natured little body, for she is ready to sing everything, and in any part of the programme. She has frequently come on in such pieces, and at such late hours, that she might with reason have declined. But she has established herself by this really artistic conduct as one of the most general favorites.

Mr. Thalberg's engagement was, as a matter of course, successful. He has long been acknowledged unrivalled in his style, and was never in greater force than this season. The Distin family made their first appearance here since their return from America. Although they had suffered much from illness and fatigue they played in their best style, and were applauded to the echo. Mr. Richardson's solos on the flute have been no less successful than usual, and he is as popular as ever with the public.

It will not be necessary to give a detailed account of the last concert. The selection was from Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*. Ernst played his fantasia on "Hungarian airs," and Mayseider's *Air Varié*, with his own *cadenza*, one of the most brilliant and astonishing ever written for the violin. Both of his solos were re-demanded; but he only complied with the second encore, in which the audience obstinately persisted. He substituted some variations of the *Carnival*. Herr Formes introduced a new song, "The Wanderer's Home," the composition of Herr Anschütz. It is cleverly and tastefully written, and the violoncello obligato (Mr. L. Phillips) was very effective. Mr. Thalberg was greatly applauded for his fantasias on *Mosé in Egitto*, and *Norma*, and was obliged to repeat the former. Mr. Bridge Frodsham was warmly applauded in "Vivi tu" and two ballads. Madlle. Wagner was favorably received in Weber's difficult *scena*, "Softly sighs," and a German *lied*; and Messrs. Richardson and Maycock received great applause for their clever execution of Bishop's "Lo! hear the gentle lark." Mr. Richardson's flute solo was encored. The band played three overtures with great spirit. The concert finished with "God save the Queen," sung by all the company, in a variety of keys at once original and unpleasant.

An extra night is announced for next Wednesday, for the benefit of Herr Ernst, who will perform four times during the evening, and begin with Mendelssohn's violin concerto. The amateurs of the violin may expect a rare treat from this performance.

DRURY LANE.—An English adaptation of Schiller's play, *Fiesco*, has been made for this theatre, and will be given on Monday next. The cast comprises the entire strength of the company.

## GABRIEL FIAMMA.

Non è si vaga a la stagion novella  
L'ape di puri ed odorati fiori  
Altor che i novi pretiosi umori  
Industre porta ad arrichir la cella.  
Ne cervella giamai leggiadra à snella  
Dianzi seguita ne' riposti horrori  
Di fieri veltri, di sospetto fuori  
Si ratta corse al' acqua chiara e bella.  
Com'io son vago d'un focoso humore  
Che versan gli occhi, allor che tena o zelo  
Od altro affetto più m'accede in Dio:  
Dice allor ebro di dolcezza il core;  
Quanto è felice quei ch'alberga in cielo  
S'egli ha gioja maggior del pianto mio?

## TRANSLATION.

Sweeter than Summer's fair face  
To the bee which wanders from flower to flower,  
To cull from each resting place  
A treasure to store in her wild honey bower;  
Sweeter than founts crystal clear  
To the hound-chased hind when at length she resteth  
In her covert, and nought is near  
Which her timid and panting spirit molesteth;  
Are those burning tears I shed,  
Thy grandeur and goodness, O sweet God! adoring;  
And my soul with pinion outspread  
Like an eagle, unto thy heaven in thought is soaring.  
Oh! is not their lot divine,  
Who bask in the untold bliss of thy presence?  
When mere passing tears of mine  
Can charm my soul more than aught of earthly pleasure.

E. K.

## M. BILLET'S CLASSICAL SOIREEs.

THE second of these performances took place on Tuesday, at the Beethoven Rooms, in presence of a crowded and fashionable audience. The following was the programme:

## PART I.

Trio in C minor, Op. 1—Piano, violin, and violoncello,	MM. Billet, Deloffre, and Rousselot	Beethoven.
Grand Air, "Le Nozze di Figaro"—Madlle. Wagner		Mozart.
Sonata in A, Op. 3—Piano, M. Billet (for the first time in public)		G. F. Pinto.

## PART II.

Grand Trio in D minor—Piano, violin, and violoncello,	MM. Billet, Deloffre, and Rousselot	Mendelssohn.
German Song, }	Madlle. Wagner	Mendelssohn.
English Song, }		Maurice Levy.
Le Soir au bord du Lac, 2d Nocturne; Etude in F Major; Margaret, Etude in A major—Piano, M. Billet		A. Billet.
Grand Duo, Piano, Op. 28—MM. Levy and Billet		Mozart.

Conductor, M. Levy.

M. Billet proved himself a pianist in the truest acceptance of the word. He played the trios of Beethoven and Mendelssohn in such a manner as to show his intimate acquaintance with the style of both composers. His execution of the brilliant *traits de bravoure* in the latter was masterly and correct. He was ably supported by M. M. Deloffre and Rousselot. Mozart's duet was also an excellent performance, in which M. Levy, who played the first part, came in for his share of the honours. M. Billet played his own compositions, which are agreeable, clever, and brilliant, in first-rate style, and was warmly applauded. But the greatest treat of the whole programme was the beautiful sonata of Pinto, the introduction of which confers no little credit on the taste and judgment of M. Billet, who played it in a chaste and graceful manner, suited to its unpretending character. The sonata was so well received that M. Billet will be encouraged to persevere in resuscitating works almost forgotten that well deserve to be remembered.

Madlle. Wagner confirmed the favourable impression she

produced at the first concert of M. Billet. The "German song" of Mendelssohn (or rather of Mendelssohn's sister, for it was composed by her), ought to have been sung faster; but still there was a feeling in Mdle. Wagner's interpretation which made us overlook all minor faults. M. Maurice Levy's song is pretty and well written, and Mdle. Wagner rendered it full justice.

The concert gave entire satisfaction. At the third and last M. Billet is to play Dussek's sonata, *L'Invocation*, and Stern-dale Bennett's trio in A major.

### MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

OUR great music-speculator, Fred. Wright, gave a concert on Saturday at the Newburgh Rooms. The bill was an attractive one and secured a full attendance. The performers were Ernst (violin), Stephen Heller (pianoforte), Mdle. Graumann and Herr Formes (vocalists). The following was the programme—

PART I.			
Sonate pour piano et violin, Op. 30—Stephen Heller and Ernst			Beethoven.
Air, "Il Barbiere di Seviglia"—Herr Formes			Rossini.
German Song, "Sudlanders Nachtlid," Madlle. Graumann			Esser and
Serenade Espagnol, "Chi godere"—Herr Formes			Burgmuller.
Fantasia, violin, "Othello"—Ernst			Ernst.
"O God, have mercy upon me" (from St. Paul) Herr Formes			Mendelssohn.
Etudes pour le piano, "Romance, Lied, Pastorale, and La Chasse"—Stephen Heller			Heller.
"Das Fischer Lied"—Herr Formes			Kuchen.

PART II.			
Duet, "La ci darem" (Don Giovanni)—Madlle. Graumann and Herr Formes			Mozart.
Etude in F major, and "La Truite de Schubert," caprice brilliant—Piano, Stephen Heller			Heller.
Ballad, "Come when the morn is breaking" Madlle. Graumann			Linley.
Pensées Fugitives, for piano and violin—Heller and Ernst			Heller and Ernst.
"1. Romance. 2. Intermezzo. 3. Lied."—Herr Formes			Mozart.
Song, "In diesen heiligen"—Herr Formes			Mozart.
German Song, "Volkslied"—Madlle. Graumann			Otto Dreser.
Andante, and the "Carnival of Venice," violin—Ernst			Ernst.
Conductor, Herr Kuhe.			

Ernst is certainly the first of modern violinists. His style is as varied, and impassioned as his execution is marvellous. Stephen Heller, whom I only knew through his delicious compositions, quite surprised me by his playing which is as elegant and refined as his music. I was indeed charmed to hear some of those pieces which I have always so much admired executed by their talented author. The *Pensées Fugitives* by Heller and Ernst, played by the two authors together, in the most masterly style, was one of the greatest treats I ever experienced. Their success was complete.

Madlle. Graumann sings with great purity and feeling, besides having a very agreeable voice; but I was not struck by her choice of compositions. I never heard of Otto Dreser before, nor do I like his *Volkslied*. Linley's ballad was encored.

Formes I have often heard before. He produced a great effect in Schubert's "Wanderer," which was redemanded.

The *Carnival of Venice*, played with extraordinary *esprit*, produced a furore and an encore; but Ernst would not be persuaded to accede.

Herr Kuhe presided as accompanist at the piano forte in a very able manner. The concert gave the utmost satisfaction.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES is re-engaged at the Royal Italian Opera.

### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### PRINCESS'S.

ON Monday evening an English version of Halevy's *Val d'Andorre*, was produced with complete success. The whole strength of Mr. Maddox's company, with the exception of Madame Macfarren, was included in the cast, and Madame Macfarren was not included only because there was no *contralto* part.

We have, already, in the notice of the performance of the *Val d'Andorre* at the St. James's Theatre, given the argument of the piece and spoken of the music. It is unnecessary to recapitulate. The manager of the Princess's has taken care to depart very little from the original score, or the original book. A few apparently requisite alterations, or rather omissions, were made, but the opera, in the main, was rendered in its integrity and its entirety.

The cast of parts was as follows:—Mademoiselle Nau, Georgette; Mrs. Weiss, Therese; Miss Louisa Pyne, Rose de Mai; Mr. Harrison, Captain Lejoyeux; Mr. Allen, Stephan; Mr. Barker, Saturnir (or he is termed in the English version, Tête-de-bois, why we know not); and Mr. Weiss, Jaques.

Mr. Maddox has done everything that could possibly be done, at his theatre and with his materials, for Halevy's opera, and if it fail to have a long run, it is none of his fault. The scenery is very splendid—the first scene, "a picturesque site in the valley of Andorre," quite a *chef d'œuvre* of scenic painting—and the dresses rich and magnificent.

The piece, we have said, was highly successful, but the success was owing to the completeness of the performance, the popularity of the several vocalists, the excellence of the singing, the beauty of the story, and the general feeling conveyed by the music, rather than to any enthusiasm awakened in parts of the opera by solos, duets, or other ensemble *morceaux*. Indeed, if we except the "Drum song" and chorus, which commences the third act, there was not a single hearty encore awarded during the evening. There were two other encores certainly, and both right well merited, but the applause was partial, and was met by considerable opposition.

All the singers acquitted themselves well. Mademoiselle Nau had a part that suited her admirably, in Georgette. The music is very Frenchified and very florid, and the vocalist, with her native talent, and her great agility, could do no less than prove effective in the part. Her first song, a regular Italian cavatina, was given with much brilliancy, although it failed to produce any great effect. The theme of the cavatina is insipid to a degree, and the composer appears to have done all he could to cover its weakness by an exuberance of *floriture*. This song must depend entirely on the singer's accomplishment for its success. The words will convey a shrewd notion of the merits of the literary portion of the work, and will save us the trouble of alluding any further to the poetry; we, therefore, print them:—

SONG.—Georgette.

Now go, and if awhile at your labor  
Two lovers quarrelling you should view;  
Return and fetch your royal sovereign,  
For she is queen of lovers too.  
And in the field, for the poor gleaners,  
You'll now and then some ears let fall;  
Unto yourselves 'twill bring good fortune,  
'Tis commanded by the "Lord of all"  
For with cold winter then comes suffering,  
Whilst 'tis our duty to relieve;  
Thrice happy he who hath the power,  
For "more bless'd 'tis to give than to receive!"



This, my fair empire,  
Nor care, nor sorrow,  
Doth e'er invade,  
My crown I gather,  
Its gems I borrow  
From Flora's glade.  
My throne the cornfield lustre lends,  
And all my subjects are my friends.

Madlle. Nau acted in a very spirited manner.

Mr. Harrison made a dashing, lively recruiting captain. The character is an inimitable sketch, and in the hands of Chollet is irresistibly humorous. Mr. Harrison deserves still more credit for his singing. He obtained the only genuine encore of the evening in the "Drum song," which he gave with great energy and animation.

Mr. Allen we have seen act with more spirit, and perhaps, have heard in better voice; but we never heard him sing better, and Halévy himself must have been pleased with his admirable style and method. Unfortunately the music Mr. Allen has to sing was not particularly interesting, and so the applause elicited was bestowed entirely on the singer.

Mr. Weiss took an original view of the part of Jacques. It was, however, not wanting in effect. He sang the *chansonnette*, "Here's the Sorcerer bold," with vigor and point. This *chansonnette*, by the way, is one of the most characteristic pieces in the opera.

The music written for *Rose de Mai*, is of the simplest kind. This, in some respects, militated against Miss Louisa Pyne's vocal performances, neatness of execution being among the most remarkable qualities of that lady's voice. Rose's two romances are very charming. The latter especially, in F sharp minor, "Ah! should some dreadful chance reveal it," is very tender and beautiful, and was well sung by Miss Pyne, whose purity of style was manifest in the absence of embellishment, cadence, shake, or otherwise. Miss Pyne showed that she had taken pains with her part, and acted with unusual earnestness. We are not, however, of opinion with those who consider *Rose de Mai* Miss Louisa Pyne's best performance.

Mrs. Weiss and Mr. Barker were useful and effective in the subordinate parts of *Therese* and *Front-de-Bœuf*. Mr. Wynn was obtrusively active in the part of *L'Endormi*, which should be played with scarcely any action at all.

Mr. Edward Loder's good discipline was manifested in the orchestral part of the performance. The band played well and carefully, and will, no doubt, play better after a few nights. The chorus is also entitled to praise.

In conclusion, we should say that the manager of the Princess's never before produced a lyric work more completely at all points.

The *Valley of Andorra* has been played during the week, and has been announced for every night until further notice.

#### OLYMPIC.

The *Ariane* of Thomas Corneille, brother to the celebrated Pierre Corneille, has always kept its place on the French stage, from the fact that it contains a show-part for a tragic actress. On this account it was played at the Opera House here, during the engagement of Madlle. Rachel.

The story of *Ariadne* and *Theseus* must be familiar to all our readers. According to the common version, the Cretan damsel, when deserted, becomes the wife of the God *Bacchus*, but as according to modern notions there is but little that is tragical in such a catastrophe, Thomas Corneille has made his heroine fall on a sword. The desert island would have afforded small opportunity to a poet of the "Grande Monarque" school, and, therefore, in the mind's eye of the said Thomas, *Naxos* is governed by a most urbane monarch, who

holds a very comfortable Court. For the purpose of the "intrigue," as the French call it, *Theseus* is made to desert *Ariadne* on account of his predilection for her sister *Phædra*, and an ingenious position is gained by the latter being made the confidant of *Ariadne*, while she is, in fact, her betrayer. When *Theseus* flies from the island with *Phædra*, *Ariadne* finds that she is deserted not only by her lover, but by her sister likewise.

In the version produced last night at the Olympic, Mr. Oxenford, the adapter, has evidently endeavoured to render the language more impassioned and less epigrammatic than in the French original. He has also altered the catastrophe, by making *Ariadne* leap from a rock, while the ship of *Theseus* is disappearing in the distance. This gives opportunity for a very clever scenic effect, in which by the judicious management of a lay figure, the actress really seems to throw herself from the top of the stage into an abyss.

The excellent acting of Mrs. Mowatt, as *Ariadne*, will advance her reputation considerably in the estimation of the public. The play has scarcely any incidents, according to the English notion, but the phases of character are highly elaborated, and a large field of detail is laid open for an intellectual actress. The dignity of a princess—daughter of the great *Minos*—is assumed by Mrs. Mowatt as the basis of the whole, and the passages of grief, anger, tenderness, and irony are given with the greatest degree of refinement. The old French school of drama is eminently suited to this actress, and she is evidently playing *con amore* when she enters into all the subtleties of declamation. The other parts are very inferior to *Ariadne*. *Phædra* is not in a very amiable position; but the touch of remorse which was given by Miss Fanny Vining as she was supposed to be quitting the island produced much effect in the fourth act. *Theseus* is a sad fellow, and King *Cenarus*, who has a sneaking kindness for *Ariadne*, is somewhat of a whining gentleman; but they were played with great tact by Mr. Davenport and Mr. Ryder. *Nerina*, a confidant of the true French school, was very well acted by Miss M. Oliver, a young and rising actress. The bye-play, of which the part chiefly consists, was graceful and expressive.

The scenery, painted by Mr. Dayes, was very beautiful, though an antiquarian might object to the arches in the palace of King *Cenarus*. The last scene was one of the most elaborate "sets" ever constructed, and the "business" of the situation is admirably arranged by Mr. Ellis. In the whole *mise en scène* there is a tone of classicity.

The success of the piece was unequivocal. First Mrs. Mowatt was called, and was led on by Mr. Davenport; and then a call was raised for Miss F. Vining. The "author" was then summoned, and bowed from a private box.

A farce, which followed the tragedy, and which was called *Wanted a Husband*, proved a failure.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS—OPERA COMIQUE.—The spirited manager of this theatre has given us three new operas in as many weeks—no small feat, and which we should be glad to see imitated in other establishments, which boast of their extraordinary efforts to satisfy the love of novelty inherent in the London public. What is still more surprising, all three have been in every respect successful, and calculated to bear the ordeal of at least half a dozen representations, even before an audience consisting mostly of subscribers. *Le Val d'Andorre* and the *Caid* had never before been produced in England, and *Zampa* not having been played for at least sixteen years, except once at Her Majesty's Theatre, may consequently be considered a novelty. Add to these a revival of Auber's

most sparkling of operas, *Le Domino Noir*, and we shall form an idea of what Mr. Mitchell's notions are as regards the management of his theatre.

On Monday last was produced a new opera bouffon, entitled *Le Caïd*, the music by M. Ambroise Thomas, already favourably known by several operas performed at the *Opera Comique* in Paris; the book is by M. T. Sauvage. It will naturally be asked what is meant by an opera bouffon, more especially as the English have nothing to which we can compare it? We shall answer, that an opera bouffon is something between an *opéra buffa* of the Italian school and the *burlesque* of the English theatres—a sort of broad farce, elevated on the stilts of tragedy, and speaking the language of Melpomene from beneath the mask of Thalia—pompous even to drollery, ludicrous from its super-abundance of pathos—an exhibition, or rather, as it is called over the water, an *exposition*, which we have occasionally witnessed when we have seen an indifferent actor grappling with the language of the best authors, which he had not sense enough to understand, and which he consequently interpreted exactly the reverse of what he should have done, and producing an effect more ludicrous than affecting. The libretto of the *Caïd* is a fair specimen of this style of composition: it contains a good sprinkling of wit, without ever descending to vulgarity; the allusions are occasionally smart and pertinent; and the characters well conceived and sustained throughout. Of course there is neither *rime* nor *raison* in the plot, not even the remotest approach to probability, or even possibility (although there is no supernatural agency); but the groundwork of the story once accepted, and the author's argument understood, you go on laughing from beginning to end, and have no time to reason on the absurdity of the process, which winds up with a very monster of absurdity, as we shall show.

The story of the *Caïd* turns on the intrigues of Birotteau (M. Lac), a Parisian *coiffeur*, and Virginie (Mdlle. Charton), *modiste*, who have wandered to Algeria in search of fortune. Aboul-y-Far (M. Buguet), the *Caïd* or magistrate, has a natural dread of the *bastinado*, of which he has occasionally tasted the bitter flavour when he has tested the forbearance of his parishioners beyond their powers of endurance, or extorted the last farthing of their money by arbitrary fines; for our *Caïd* is at the same time a miser and a coward. Birotteau appears before him, and offers to sell him a talisman, which shall preserve him for ever from the disagreeable inflictions which frequent habit has not as yet made a second nature to him. Of course the *Caïd* is delighted at the proposals but the enormous price set on the secret by the *coiffeur* touches his avarice to the quick, and he hits upon the idea of bestowing on him his daughter in marriage, instead of paying down 20,000 *boudjans*. (Not knowing what may be the value of the coin in question, we are unable to let our readers into the secret.) Birotteau is flattered at the proposal, and consents, forgetting his plighted faith to the amiable Virginie. In the meanwhile another plot has been going on under the superintendence of Ali-Bajou (M. Chateaufort), the *Caïd's* steward and factotum. He also feels the necessity of protecting his master from the *bastinado*, in his own interests, and uses his influence to bring about a marriage between his master's daughter Fathma (Mdlle. Danhausser), and a Tambour-major, Michel (M. Nathan), a tall, brave, broad-shouldered colossus. We must not omit to mention, that the lady has conceived a violent passion for the latter. Birotteau is, however, brought to his sober senses by the Hercules, who threatens to cut off his rival's ears, if he refuse to do battle, and by Virginie, who vows vengeance on her faithless lover. He at last consents

to refuse the hand of the *Caïd's* daughter, the *Caïd* consenting to pay 20,000 *boudjans* for the talisman, which turns out to be the original receipt for the famous *pomade du Lion*, a sort of French Macassar, or Balm of Columbia, or any recipe warranted to promote the growth of the hair (*style de perriquer*!) Michel marries the *Caïd's* daughter and becomes his body-guard, and Birotteau marries Virginie; the *Caïd* has only one regret, which is for his money, and the drunken old intendant triumphs. All this is very absurd, but it is also very droll and, as we said before, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*—when once you begin to laugh, you must go on to the end.

The music of the *Caïd* is even superior to the libretto, and is as original as this species of composition will fairly admit. There is an obvious attempt to ridicule the mannerisms of the modern Italian composers, the more pleasing, as it is done with so much good humour that Verdi himself could not but laugh at the quiz upon his "unisons." Our operatic favourites came in for their share of castigation, and the exuberance of their action and phrasing was well hit off. The overture, light, pretty, and sparkling, but wholly without pretension, prepares us for the quality of the music we are to expect. Mdlle. Charton's first air, "Comme la fauvette," is pretty, and contains some happy imitations of the "Rataplan" in *La Fille du Régiment*. "Quittons cette ville d'intrigues," a duo between Mdlle. Charton and M. Lac, is a very good specimen of the composer's style, and enabled the lady to display her powers of vocalisation and agility to great advantage, and was warmly applauded. The comic scene, "Je suis gourmand comme une chatte," was most diverting in the hands of M. Chateaufort. This was followed by a duet between M. Lac and M. Buguet, "O toi de l'Algérie," in which both gentlemen highly distinguished themselves. In the second act, Mdlle. Danhausser sang a very pretty air, "Je veux lui plaire," with much expression. This lady is a *débutante*, and promises favourably. She has a sweet voice, sings with great feeling, and acts gracefully; she was warmly encouraged by the audience, and when she has conquered her timidity will get on still better. The most brilliant air in the opera, however, is a charming scene, admirably rendered by Mdlle. Charton, "Plaignez, plaignez, la pauvre demoiselle." The allegro, "Vive le mariage," is a bravura, and requires extraordinary powers of execution. Mdlle. Charton surpassed herself, and went through the ordeal most triumphantly. The most difficult passages were done with the greatest apparent ease, and the most daring flights of vocalisation accomplished without any seeming effort. A unanimous and enthusiastic encore was the consequence, in which the lady most cheerfully acquiesced. The scene in which the imitations of the Italian vocalists take place was admirably done by all engaged in it. We must not omit to mention M. Chateaufort's song, "Tra, la, la, l'en plaira," when he enters, having almost emptied his bottle of *Parfait amour*, and consequently rather the worse for liquor; it was richly humorous.

On the whole, we have rarely seen an opera in which the actors more highly distinguished themselves. Mdlle. Charton never sang so well, and we were far from expecting to find her so excellent an actress. Mdlle. Danhausser (sister of a young lady of the same name, who made a successful *début* as the Abbess in *Le Domino Noir*) looked very pretty in her Moorish costume, and made a highly favourable impression. M. Chateaufort is decidedly one of the best *buffi comici* that we have heard; his drunken scene was the perfection of drollery. M. Lac acquitted himself very creditably of his part, although he has much to acquire and much to avoid as a



singer. M. Bugnet is an old favourite: his acting and singing were both excellent. M. Nathan has humour in him, as he testified in the quintett of the second act, and a good bass voice; but he is afraid to give his humour full play, and, forcing his voice at times, sings sharp. The decorations were in excellent keeping; the scenery of Mr. Muir was excellent; and both chorus and orchestra are entitled to our warmest approbation. The success of the piece was triumphant, and will no doubt continue to fill the house as on Monday, when it was crowded in every part.

The comic scene from Paer's opera, *Le Maître de Chapelle*, was admirably done by Mdlle. Guichard and M. Chollet. Mdlle. Guichard sang and acted better than we have ever heard her; and M. Chollet, as the old master, was inimitable, and showed how different the same part will appear when portrayed by a finished artiste like M. Chollet, instead of a common-place, like M. Beauce of last year. J. DE C—.

#### BALFE AT BERLIN.

(From the Times.)

MR. BALFE's opera, the *Bondsman*, under the name of *Der Mulatte*, was produced last night at the Royal Theatre with complete success. Berlin is (musically) the most fastidious capital of Europe; to have passed its ordeal triumphantly, therefore, puts the seal on the continental reputation of the composer. In Vienna, Frankfort, and other German cities, the works of Mr. Balfe have long been popular; Berlin is the last to become acquainted with them; but the heartiness of the reception accorded to the work selected atones for the delay, which has in a great measure been caused by the political confusions of the past two years. The audience last night was one of the most numerous and brilliant ever assembled within the walls of the theatre. The King and Queen, the Princess of Prussia, the Prince and Princess Karl, the Princess Charlotte and her royal bridegroom, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, were present; in fact, all the royal *loges*, including the state box, were occupied—an event of rare occurrence. Every part of the house was filled; the tickets had been disposed of for several days previously, and were only to be obtained on the morning of performance at a premium. Mr. Balfe conducted the orchestra, which is not excelled even by that of the opera of Paris. The overture was enthusiastically applauded; and it was well deserved, for the instrumentation was executed with spirit, delicacy, and perfect precision throughout. As the opera is well known in England, it is unnecessary to notice all the different motives of the libretto. Ardenford (the Mulatto) was performed by M. Mantius; and Corinna by Madame Köster, who was decidedly the star of the night; her first air, "Afrika's Sohn" ("Child of the Sun" in the English version), was beautifully given, as well as the cavatina, "Nicht immer ist's das Angesicht" ("It is not form, it is not face"); but she was most applauded in a new aria introduced for her in the third act, "O! Gott, lass es gelingen," in which her execution was really wonderful. M. Mantius has to struggle against the disadvantage of a small figure, and not very powerful voice; and the choruses might have been stronger; but on the whole the opera was beautifully given; the ballet of the second act, and the whole *mise en scène*, were perfect. M. Balfe was called for at the close of the second act, and again at the fall of the curtain, when he was greeted by the audience with the most cordial and hearty applause. M. Mantius and Madame Köster received a similar ovation. His Majesty was evidently highly pleased with the music, and frequently joined in the general expression of approval. When leaving, he stated to M. Kustner, the

director of the theatre, that he hoped soon to see the *Bohemian Girl* produced in the same efficient style. Mr. Balfe was congratulated during the evening on his success by most of the musical and literary celebrities of Berlin.

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLE's fifth Classical Chamber Concert went off with great *éclat*. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in D minor, Op. 49, Mendelssohn. Soloists, Mrs. Winterbottom, "Why do I weep," Wallace, Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, in B flat, Op. 45, Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Trio, pianoforte, tenor, and clarinet, in E flat, Mozart. Song, Mrs. Winterbottom, "Phyllis is my only joy," F. W. Hobbs. Miscellaneous Selection, pianoforte—"Eloge des Larmes," and "Barcarole," F. Schubert; "Adelaide," Beethoven.

The room was more crowded than at any of the preceding concerts. An excellent concert it was, both in the quality of the fare set before the audience in the above *recherché* programme, and in the perfection of its performance. It appears Mr. Halle's appointment as conductor of the Concert Hall orchestra is confirmed, and that considerable changes and additions are being made in the orchestral forces, and the concert we are now noticing afforded an opportunity to those present of forming an opinion as to the quality of some of the recent importations. Herr Lidel—who is henceforth to take rank as principal at the Concert Hall—being the violoncellist; a M. Bachens (query, a Belgian or a Frenchman?) being the tenor (to be principal second violin at the Concert Hall, we believe); and a pupil of the Royal Academy, a Mr. Sorge, clarinet, who is to be first clarinet at the Concert Hall. Mr. Halle has no easy or pleasant task in hand—so to remodel the Concert Hall band as to increase its efficiency and bring more talented performers on particular instruments into it without injuring or doing injustice to those who have held their posts, to the best of their ability, for years. Let us hope he will accomplish his purpose in as delicate a manner as possible, and with all kindly feeling towards the old members. Already we see the first bassoon has been blurring out some notes of dissatisfaction, in a letter (paid for as an advertisement) in the *Manchester Guardian*. We sincerely trust that Mr. Halle will give the preference, where there is efficient talent, to English residents; and show no undue preference to his countrymen, or any other foreigners whatever. We have been led into these remarks by the circumstance of no less than three new members of the band being on this occasion brought before the Manchester public as soloists. Herr Lidel is a fine player, although a long way behind Piatti for exquisite finish and refinement, and we do not think his tone is equal in roundness and fulness to more than one English violoncellist we could name (Lucas and Lindley for instance); still he is far superior in finish to our Mr. Thorley, and will doubtless be an acquisition to the Concert Hall band. Of M. Bachens we cannot speak so favourably; he seems certainly to have great facility of execution, but his tone on the tenor is not to be compared, in our opinion, with that of the talented amateur who has from time to time appeared at Halle's concerts. Mr. Sorge is a very decided card—a more pure tone or a better style of playing we could not wish to listen to; no clarinet at the Hall can object to give place to so superior a performer, although apparently so young a man. But to the performance itself—the trio (op. 49) in D minor of Mendelssohn is a splendid work of art, one that it is almost impossible to appreciate fully on a first hearing. The first movement, *molto allegro agitato*, was so characteristically 'agitato,' that it was difficult to appreciate it entirely on a first hearing. Yet amidst it all there was here and there a strain of melody—quite à la Mendelssohn—that made us regret that we were not better acquainted with the movement. The *andante tranquillo* was lovely throughout, and closed with a passage most beautifully given by first violin, flowing into one by the violoncello, uniting them as if you were listening to one instrument; this was most loudly and rapturously applauded. The *scherzo leggiero vivace* abounds in beauties, and was finely rendered, as was the *finale allegro assai*

*appassionato*. The three executants seemed to vie with and play to each other, so as to render the performance of this most difficult trio as perfect as possible. Mr. Hallé was, as he always is, in classical chamber music, admirable; it was a capital *débüt* for Herr Lidel, and we never heard Mr. C. A. Seymour acquit himself better. We wished most heartily your correspondent, of the three stars signature, had been present; we think even he would have been willing to have admitted that Mr. Seymour was something more than a competent *second* violin. We thought it not quite so judicious in the same part with the trio, to give a sonata also of Mendelssohn. We should have preferred, both for variety and contrast, one of Beethoven's; with this exception, we have not a word to say against the composition itself, or its efficient rendering, in such hands as Lidel and Hallé; it was much applauded. The second part opened with a novelty to us—a trio for pianoforte, tenor, and clarinet—a daring combination to place before ordinary performers. Who that has heard the clarinet in the open air or the street, but remembers, painfully, the alternate peacock-like screaming and harsh growling that is emitted by that instrument? But to hear it in a room like the Assembly Room, it seemed all but impossible that the gifted Mozart could write a trio that would make such an instrument bearable. Not so, however, for in Mr. Sorge's hands it was made to discourse most eloquent music, and with a purity and *singing* quality of tone that was truly delightful; some of the harmonies produced by the three instruments together, were heavenly, and were evidently received with intense interest by the entire audience. The wind up of the concert was, as usual, a selection of three pieces to display Hallé's own peculiar talent, in as many styles of pianoforte music, the first two being a plaintive *adagio* and merry *barcarole*—both by Schubert; the last Beethoven's *Adelaide* sung and accompanied obligato, both on the pianoforte; the last was most tastefully and expressively done, the air being heard all through, yet not so as to mar the beautiful accompaniment; the talented artist was loudly cheered as he rose from the instrument. The vocalist was Mrs. Winterbottom, who gave in the first part, Wallace's song with nice feeling and expression. Hobb's song we did not like so well, the shake, especially, had been better omitted. It was a charming concert. The next, and alas! the last for the present season, is on Thursday the 7th instant.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. MACREADY has been giving a few of his farewell performances this week, during which he has played King Lear, Richelieu, Shylock, and Othello. Next week he really appears for the last time here—a circumstance which will be unanimously regretted by the great actor's numerous admirers in Liverpool. I will not enter into any details of his performances, as they have so lately, and so ably, been criticised in the *Musical World*. I thought his King Lear was in some respects different from what it used to be, though undoubtedly one of the finest exhibitions of dramatic genius that the present age has witnessed. Mrs. Warner played Goneril, and Mr. Pearson appeared to considerable advantage as the Duke of Kent. Mr. James Browne also made much of a small part by his excellent bye-play and discrimination. In Othello Mr. Macready was efficiently supported by Mr. Barry Sullivan as Iago, and Mrs. Warner as Emilia. Mr. Sullivan's performance—as on a former occasion, of which I wrote you an account—admirable. He is one of the most promising of our young tragedians, and will I fancy make a hit when he appears in the metropolis. To-morrow the pantomime is to be played as a first piece, for the satisfaction of the little folks. There was a juvenile night last week, on which occasion the house was crowded by the rising generation, whose merry laughter showed that they thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

Mr. Templeton sang at the Saturday Evening Concerts last week, and to a crowded audience, who encored several of his most popular songs. These concerts have now been established in Liverpool, with the utmost success, for several years, and have been instrumental in affording an innocent relaxation for the working people, to whom the small charge for admittance (6d.) has facilitated the entry. A local writer, in speaking of them, says:

"The body of the room, as is usually the case on a Saturday evening, was occupied by working men—few females sitting in that part of the house—the large area being densely filled with the labouring classes. It is not uninteresting to look down upon a mass of probably a thousand human beings, and to reflect that most of these men have been saved from expending their earnings in the public-house by the cheap and rational entertainment thus placed within their reach. At the price of one pint of ale, a good concert is provided, and, in many cases, family comforts are insured which could not otherwise be realised. It is easy to see that the body of the hall is filled by working men. The red coat of the soldier, the straw hat and blue jacket of the sailor, and the fustian jacket and peculiar bearing of the artisan, are easily traced in this part of the hall. The people who attend the Concert-hall are also remarkably well-behaved. The doors are opened at seven o'clock and the concerts commence at eight. The men, for the most part, come early to secure their seats, and to fill up the time till the performance commences, numbers of them have newspapers or pamphlets, which they quietly read till eight o'clock. Great attention is paid to the singer, or whatever entertainment may be provided for them, and no little discrimination is shown in distinguishing merit. *Vox populi vox suprema* is a dangerous affirmation when applied in its unlimited bearing, but a great deal of attention is due to the judgment of the people in fixing a value upon talent. There is also another feature in the Saturday evening concerts which is worthy of imitation, and that is the consideration exercised to a vocalist. There is none of that unreasonable expectation from a vocalist which is too common in assemblies of a higher class, and it is much to their credit that they seek not enjoyment from the unfair demands upon the exertions of those who minister to it."

The Saturday concerts have usually paid their expenses. They have been the means of putting hundreds of pounds in the way of the profession, who will find that they benefit themselves, and their humbler fellow-creatures, by doing all in their power to promote the success of performances so cheap and so judiciously managed. Mr. G. Buckland gives one of his entertainments next Saturday. Our Welsh Choral Society gave a grand performance of sacred music on Wednesday. The subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society will take place on the 12th February, for which Madlle. Charton, Signor Mazzas, M. Demeur, and M. Whole are engaged. I am exceedingly anxious to hear Charton, in whose praise the critics are so unanimous. I shall decidedly make an effort to hear the French *cantatrice*, who, like a new Orpheus, seems to charm the world. There is a report that we are to have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Mitchell's opera *troupe* in April, at our Theatre Royal. I hope the news is not too good to be true. We have had German, Italian, and English operas in Liverpool, but never the French *Opera Comique*, which, to us poor provincials, will be a rare treat. The attempt would be sure of success in a pecuniary sense. The second subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society will take place on the 4th of March, when Formes is to sing in *Elijah*. As you heard both him and our chorus when you were down here last September, you can be sure that it will be an interesting performance. J. H. N.

Liverpool, Jan. 31, 1850.

#### JULLIEN AT CHELTENHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

AN evening and a morning concert were given during the week, under the management of Messrs. Hale and Son, at which M. Jullien and his band, and the charming Jetty Treffz, were engaged. The rooms were crammed to suffocation on both occasions. So dense indeed was the crowd, that many of the visitors had to retire to make room for Jetty Treffz each time she appeared. The orchestra seats were occupied in every spare place by ladies, who could not obtain accommodation elsewhere; and, on the whole, a more elegant and crowded assembly has seldom congregated within the walls of any concert room. Upwards of seven hundred visitors attended at the evening concert, and not less than six hundred and fifty at the morning.

To speak of the programme is scarcely necessary. The performances were of the same calibre as those which Jullien has been recently giving. Everything passed off with the utmost enthusiasm. Jetty Treffz created a powerful sensation. She sang most delightfully, and was encored in all her songs, and in one three times. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to all concerned in the concerts than the manner in which they went off.



## THE PROGRESS AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

NO. II.

(From the Morning Post.)

One of the branches of musical art least understood, and upon which the most uninstructed consider themselves qualified to give an opinion, is melody. It is the fancied stronghold of the amateur critic; and even our budding misses venture to lisp melodious judgments. Melody, properly understood, answers to the single-figure principle in the sister art, in regard to which Sir Joshua Reynolds has left us the following precepts:—"When the picture consists of a single figure only, that figure must be contrasted in its limbs and drapery with great variety of lines. It should be as much as possible a *composition in itself*. It may be remarked that such a complete figure will never unite or make part of a group; as, on the other hand, no figure of a well-conducted group will stand by itself." These principles, applied to music, will furnish us with a complete definition of melody. A strongly marked musical figure will no more admit of great variety in the accompanying parts, redundancy of accessory ideas, or contrapuntal development, than will the single figure in drawing of complicated grouping or undue prominence of the component parts. The principles of fine melody are as fixed and immutable as those which regulate the mazy convolutions of counterpoint and fugue, or the progressions and modulations of harmony. It is not to be produced by chance. It is the result of knowledge, as distinguished from mere intuition. Its fundamental laws are rhythmical symmetry, a natural succession of intervals, and tonal consistency. Harsh and extreme distances are as contrary to its nature as is a vague and diffused style of rhythm. The excellent precepts transmitted to us from the ancient contrapuntists for the carriage of voices form the basis of our laws respecting the production of pure melody. Diatonic intervals should ever be preferred to chromatic, monotony avoided, and "variety in unity" never lost sight of. The principle laid down by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the single figure should form a *composition in itself*, means, when applied to music, that a well-constructed melody should, even without the accompanying parts, be gratifying and satisfactory to the ear. If this condition be fulfilled, its general popularity will be inevitable. By general popularity, however, we must be understood to convey a much more extended meaning than a mere barrel-organ circulation. The indiscriminate zeal with which the unlettered crowd occasionally adopts a vulgar tune cannot be admitted as a proof of its excellence. The ascendancy of such productions over the public mind is invariably of short duration, and generally to be ascribed to local influence, or their popular association with some passing event, and *always* to the absence of something better. The truly popular airs are those which have stood the test of ages. The compositions of those inspired writers who, like all true poets, are the exponents of those eternal ideas of the true and beautiful implanted in the human breast, and who, as they tell of things already known and felt by all, though never so well expressed, have but to speak to be understood. The true poet, whether of words, tones, or colours, is an oracle in which the undying spirit of truth finds a voice. It is for him alone to "strike the electric chain with which we are darkly bound," causing it to vibrate through all time. An idea prevails that the national airs of various countries are evidences that melody is the offspring rather of nature than art; but to establish this theory it will be necessary to prove that uncouth distances and rhythmical deformity are as agreeable as the opposite qualities; that a defective scale is equal to a perfect one; that monotony and mannerism are as admirable as variety in unity—in short, that melodies composed by a barbarous and ignorant people are as excellent as those invented by the great writers. The most rabid admirer of those interesting old acquaintances will, we opine, scarcely go so far. Far be it from us to evince any lack of reverence for antique and time-honoured melodies. They are entwined with our earliest recollections; they surprised us into admiration before the reign of judgment commenced; they are associated in our minds with thoughts of hope and dreams of happiness; some of our best poets have wedded to them their worthiest inspirations; they are endeared by a thousand ties to our memory; and we cannot listen unmoved to—

"The melody of youthful days  
"Which steals the trembling tear of speechless praise."

These, however, are adventitious circumstances, to which we have alluded merely because we feel convinced that they have very much influenced the public mind. People love to hear that which reminds them of the time when "pale pain" was unknown to them—hence the erroneous conclusions they arrive at. One peculiarity of melody is that it more easily takes the stamp of individuality than the more complex branches of the art; and we shall hazard the reproach of having made a trite observation when we remark that the native airs of various countries are impressed with the general features of the national mind and character. The conception of melody, owing to the singleness of its nature, is more immediate, and emanates more directly from the feelings and emotions, than the complexities of harmony and counterpoint, which demand more consideration and calm reflection. The mind, always subject to local and physical influences, takes its colour from surrounding objects; and its first musical impulse, which is melody, becomes naturally imbued with the circumambient spirit of the time and place. Hence the distinct character of national melodies. We must, however, warn the true student against giving undue importance to this fact, and urge him not to consider, because he may be an Englishman, that he is bound to imitate English composers. Let him rather reflect that great works are of no country, but are as universal as the immutable principles upon which they are constructed, and that it is better to strive to be great in art than to be merely national. These reflections lead us to a consideration of the Italian opera school, of which melody is commonly supposed to be the leading characteristic. That the Italian opera has greatly influenced the musical mind of Europe there can be no doubt. In Italy opera was invented, and for many years held an incontestable superiority over every other. The language which lends itself readily to musical accent, and the very marked vocal inflections which have ever characterised Italian declamation, gave rise in process of time to recitative. The favourable influence of the climate, together with the severe discipline to which Italian singers were subjected, tended to produce a race of executive artists superior to any at that time in Europe. This led to the migration of Italian troupes to various countries, whereby a taste and love for their opera was widely disseminated, and it thus became the model upon which foreign composers formed their style.

From the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, from *Dafne* and *Euridice*, composed by Peri and Caccini in 1590, to the charming operas of Paesello and Cimarosa, Italian opera (which originated in an attempt to revive the ancient Greek system of singing dramatic poetry,) was in a state of gradual development, and produced a multitude of composers, who may be regarded as respectable and indispensable links in the chain of musical events. The best points of the school were then adopted by Mozart, who carried it to perfection. It thus appears that the original influence of Italian opera was owing to its real excellence. Some of the finest works have been written to the Italian language—their voices and singers are pre-eminent; and we shall therefore always be glad to see at least one Italian Opera supported in England, provided, however, that the best works of the school, and not the worst, be constantly performed. With Rossini commenced its degeneration. He is the father of the present school, in which he has had numerous followers, who have perpetuated his faults rather than his beauties. The immediate successor of Mozart, he was nearer to the good time, and could not wholly escape its influence. A man of vivacious and original genius, the novelty and brilliancy of his effects created a *furor*. Too indolent for serious study, and too gifted to produce anything wholly destitute of merit, he has accomplished as much as his limited knowledge would allow him, still leaving us more cause to regret than to admire. As a melodist, he holds an elevated rank; but many of his happy efforts are so disfigured by meretricious ornament that they already begin to appear antiquated and *rococo*. His music is generally distinguished by strong dramatic feeling (especially that of the *Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*) no less than by clever vocal treatment. His instrumentation is occasionally imaginative, but more frequently common-place and boisterous. His contrapuntal skill is very small, as the miserable school-boy attempt at a *fugue* in the *Stabat Mater* sufficiently proves. His harmonies, though sometimes rich and glowing, are too often elaborately chromatic, and of very questionable legitimacy.



We will now proceed to make some observations upon the style of melody at present in vogue, and which is supposed to form the staple commodity of all Italian operas. It is generally monotonous, vulgar, and inexpressive of the words to which it is added; and although there be occasional pathos and sentiment in the slow movements, the quick are almost always repulsive to the cultivated musician, from their extreme crassitude and frivolity. One air so closely resembles another, owing to the constant and infelicitous repetition of the same phrases without any change of treatment, that the principles of variety and contrast are utterly lost sight of. The truly egotistical manner in which the modern Italian constantly copies and reproduces himself is as sorry a proof of the invention for which his friends give him credit as the frequent appropriation of other people's ideas is of his knowledge. It thus appears that his claims to melodic pre-eminence are very ill established. The fact is, that the modern Italians are as immeasurably inferior to the great men in melody as in everything else; and it would, indeed, be monstrous to admit Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, to be the greatest musicians the world has produced, and at the same time to pronounce them wanting in one of the greatest requisites of their art. Amid such contradictory statements, the judgment of the inquiring amateur must necessarily flounder. After these reflections, we must be allowed to observe that we object in toto to the style of Italian opera at present fashionable; and, feeling convinced that it tends to corrupt the public taste, consider it our duty to oppose its influence. We are not "behind the scenes" of either of our Italian Operas; we see not the machinery upon which they work, neither do we know who influences the proceedings of the directors; but this we know—they are both public theatres devoted to the performance of music, possessing the best executive artists in the world, and that, with all their mighty resources, little homage has as yet been paid to the classic muse. To please whom, we would ask, are such operas as *La Sonnambula*, *Elisir d'Amore*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Don Pasquale*, *Figlia del Reggimento*, &c., repeated *ad nauseam*, while such works as the *Così fan Tutti*, *Seraglio*, *Clemenza di Tito*, *Plauto Magico*, *Idomeneo* of Mozart, the *Deux Journées* by Cherubini, and *Fidelio* by Beethoven, remain for the most part unknown to the British public? What would the public say to the manager of a great dramatic theatre who, having the greatest histrionic talent at his command, persisted in performing the works of some miserable playwright in preference to those of the great authors? Would there not be a formidable outcry for Shakspeare, Dryden, Otway, Sheridan, Goldsmith, &c.? To please whom, then, is a system pursued in regard to music which would be condemned when applied to the sister arts. Is it owing to the influence of the self-styled "connoisseur," who imagines he has a taste for music because he winters in Italy, and believes the right of condemning all that is great and good in art to be included in the purchase of his season ticket? Is it to please the "fast man," to whom the appreciation of the intellectual beauties of the great masters would cost too great an effort to afford him any entertainment, and for whose impaired mental vision, rendered dull by the constant contemplation of the gross and material, their bright effulgence would be too dazzling? The "fast man" must shut his eyes, and somnolence might follow, and who knows but that the slumber of "fast men" may be the final cause of great classical works of art? Is it to please the graver portion of the subscribers, amongst whom we number warriors, statesmen, lawyers, and churchmen, that the rapid and unmeaning strains of modern Italian composers are substituted for the sublime evidences of truth and beauty to be found in Mozart? Can they recognise and appreciate the grand immutable principles of all arts when manifested in poetry and painting, and fail to understand them in music? Do they love and reverence Sophocles, Euripides, Phidias, Michael Angelo, Shakspeare, Milton, and despise Mozart and Beethoven? Strange contradiction! Are they weak or vain enough to sit in judgment upon an art they do not understand; or, attending the opera merely because it is "the fashion," and without pretending to any fixed ideas respecting music and its influence, do they receive bad works merely because they have a continental reputation? In that case, we say to them that England is too far advanced in art to pay blind homage to foreign opinion, and that, even if the continental fiat of approval were necessary, the great works we have mentioned enjoy

a much higher reputation, acquired in the palmiest days of music in the once-favoured lands of song, than the poor trash which is now deemed worthy their patronage, and to which the epithet "fashionable" is applied. Our lady subscribers can do much towards effecting a reform in the opera, and if they will but turn their eyes for a time from the popular idols of the day to the contemplation of a purer school, they will there find evidences of the true and beautiful, of which they are a part, and with which they cannot fail to sympathise. Those admirers of modern Italianism who amuse themselves by groping about amid the dust and darkness of bygone ages to find a proof of modern excellence are, we fear, hopeless cases. They really must hit upon some happier method of establishing the excellence of their idols, than citing ancient authors of merit to prove that the moderns have not degenerated, if they wish their observations to meet with any attention.

That some of the great works of which we have spoken may be given next season at our Italian Operas is the earnest desire of all who love the art. The public mind is prepared for them, and we feel convinced the directors would have no cause to regret the production of works having all the charm of novelty for the million, and every way calculated to aid the progress of music and improve the popular taste.

(To be continued.)

#### CHARLES E. HORN

(From the Critic.)

We have already offered some observations on the life and talents of the late Charles Horn; but as the following sketch comprised several particulars not generally known, it will, doubtless, be read with interest:—

"Charles Edward Horn, the subject of the following memoir, who died at Boston, U. S., on the 21st Oct., was born in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, London, on the 21st of June, 1786. His father, Charles Frederick Horn, who was a native of Nordhausen, in Germany, came over to England as an adventurer in 1780, and shortly after his arrival in London had the good fortune to be introduced by the Marquis of Stafford, and appointed musical instructor to the royal family of George the Third. He was an excellent theorist and practical pianist, and wrote a number of pianoforte sonatas, and other pieces, with accompaniments for flute, violin, &c. He continued his instruction to the royal family until 1811. During his long attendance on his illustrious pupils, he was frequently urged by his sons to solicit situations for them, but he always silenced their importunities by saying, 'If you knew how many favours are asked of that kind family, you would not desire me to add to the number of their applicants.' This delicacy led his royal patrons to conclude that he had amassed a considerable fortune.

"In 1810 he composed some military divertimentos, by desire of the Duke of Cambridge, to whom he dedicated them. Also, twelve themes, with accompaniments for violin and violoncello; and a treatise on thorough-bass. He, in conjunction with Mr. S. Wesley, was the first to introduce and publish the celebrated fugues of Sebastian Bach in this country.

"In 1823, his Majesty George the Fourth, in a very flattering manner, appointed him organist to the Royal Chapel at Windsor. This brought him again continually into the presence of the King and the Princesses, by whom he was often commanded to perform the various lessons he had taught them thirty years before. The great and condescending attention which he received on these occasions rendered the latter part of his life completely happy, and he devoted the whole of his time and thought to the services of those illustrious personages, to whose favours he was so much indebted. The death of his Majesty produced an immediate and very perceptible effect upon his health, which from that moment began to decline. He in vain attempted to rally; occasionally he visited his relatives and a few particular friends, but always under the most obvious depression of spirits. On the 3rd of August, 1830, to the delight of his family, he appeared much better, and at half-past nine retired to bed. At half-past ten he expired—without a groan, without a sigh!

"During the early period of his first occupation as teacher to the royal family, he frequently met a lady of French extraction, who was employed as general instructress to the same august family, and, after a period, a closer and more tender intimacy sprung up between them, which ultimately ended in their union, the first fruit of which was Charles Edward, who had for his sponsors the celebrated Solomon and Edward Stephenson, the banker. From his earliest childhood Charles Edward imbibed a love for the 'divine art,' which was directed by his father into the pro-

per channel. At the age of six he showed evident signs of a precocious taste for composition, declaring that he could produce an appropriate melody to any kind of words, and his skill at improvisation was often put to the test, both by his father and the friends who were his frequent visitors, to the no small amusement of both. They would endeavour to puzzle Charles with poetry of an uneven versification, but he always contrived to extricate himself from the difficulties, and boasted that he could set a newspaper to music if requisite.

"The great Haydn, during his sojourn in the English metropolis, was a frequent guest of the father of Charles, upon which occasions Charles was allowed to display his versatile talents, which attracted the attention of that master mind, who would take him on his knee and fondle him, and predict that he would one day turn out a clever musician. As the table of the elder Horn was constantly surrounded with the most distinguished musicians of the day, Charles heard the best instrumental music, and as he loved music much better than literature, he soon endeavoured to make himself master of all the instruments his father possessed, and set about in good earnest to study and practice them. Finding that Charles required more attention to his studies than he had time to bestow on them, his father engaged with the celebrated Baumgarten, the German musical theorist, to instruct him in the science of harmony and composition, remarking at the same time to Charles, 'you are so rapid at invention that you will not give yourself time to think; a stranger may, therefore, have more control over you than I have, and I can explain to you any difficulties which may not be clear to your comprehension during your lessons.' This rapidity of invention was, perhaps, rather his bane than his good fortune, for it induced him to depend more upon his genius than his well-grounded and steady pursuit of the science. But, notwithstanding this drawback, he continued to make rapid progress in his art, mastering first one instrument, and then another; and it is well known that he was an excellent violinist, as well as a violoncellist and pianist. Hearing his father praise Braham, who had made a great sensation in public as a singer, and his father having taught that eminent vocalist the piano in his younger days, Charles felt exceedingly desirous of witnessing his operatic performance. He was accordingly taken to Covent-Garden Theatre on the production of the *Cabinet*, where he was so strongly impressed with the singer and the opera, that it gave him a decided taste for that species of music, and he took every opportunity in his power of being present at operatic performances, feeling a great desire to join in them. This he was not long wanting in the opportunity of doing, for his father's friend, Dolman, the second violoncellist of the opera, being taken seriously ill, Charles earnestly pleaded to become his deputy, which was acceded to, and as Dolman's malady was a long and severe one, Charles enjoyed the gratification of performing his part for a whole season; and to his generosity of character he it recorded, he insisted upon Dolman's taking the whole of the salary, knowing, as he did, that Dolman's pecuniary circumstances were anything but in a prosperous condition.

"Soon after this, the late lamented T. Alsinger, Esq., a great patron of music and musicians, and G. E. Griffin (the composer of Griffin's Concertos and other works for the piano), joined Charles and some amateurs of the city in an attempt at performing one of Mozart's operas; one of the party having a score of the *Don Juan*, it was agreed that they should copy the parts among them, which was accordingly done, and they performed it, for the first time in England, at Hayward's floor cloth manufactory, near the Borough, and afterwards, by way of experiment, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street. It having been discovered that Charles had a fine baritone voice, he was awarded the part of Don Juan; and with Bellamy as Masetto, Seboni as Commandatore, Naldi as Ottavio, Miss Haynes (afterwards Mrs. Gattie), as Leporello, Madame Feron as Don Anna, Miss Feron as Elvira, &c., and Spagnoletti as leader; among the band being Lindley and Dragonetti; the opera was performed and completely successful in its reception. This led Mrs. Billington to suggest the translation and adaptation to the English stage of Mozart's opera *La Clemenza di Tito*, which was done for her benefit; thus was the fame of Mozart's operas first established in England. Horn's voice having much improved, Mr. (now Sir Henry) Bishop recommended, on the opening of the English Opera House, by S. J. Arnold, Esq., the engagement of Horn as second tenor, T. Phillips, or Irish Phillips as he was called, being the first. His first essay was in a new opera, composed by M. P. King, called *Up all Night*, in which he was associated with Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, and Miss Kelly, and in which he shared the public favour with the first singers of the day. Mr. Arnold, who might well be called the foster father of English artists, determining to try Horn's powers as a composer as well as a singer, gave him a melo-drama to write the music to, which contained only one chorus. This he set about earnestly: it was produced and condemned the first night. Horn says of this, 'My young conceit led me to think that this work would establish me as the third composer of my day.—Haydn and Mozart being the two others. His disappointment may therefore be well conceived, and it cost him

many tears, and induced him to absent himself from the theatre the next day in order to avoid Mr. Arnold, thinking, in his simplicity, that the people only came to hear the music. But meeting Mr. Arnold in the evening, he called him into his room, saying, 'I have something more for you to compose, young gentleman.' Horn thanked him, but said, 'I will never write anything more for the English public.' 'You young puppy,' rejoined Mr. Arnold, 'do you think to command success on a first appearance?' This struck Horn as a very reasonable idea, and cured him of his conceit; and taking the farce of the *Bee-hive*, which was the piece Mr. Arnold held out to him, he went to work again with all the excitement of a youthful and ardent mind, and produced the most successful musical piece that had been performed for years, writing songs for Mrs. Mountain, Miss Kelly, Matthews, &c., which were extremely popular. Thus did Horn commence his career, both as a singer and composer.

"At the end of the season he went to Bath, where he received some instruction in singing from Rauzzini, the most popular master of his day, whose pupils were Braham, Incledon, and indeed all others who wished to appear with any *clat* before the public, or who expected to be great. On his return to London, he added to his double occupation of singer and composer, that of teacher also, and mingled with the first men of his day, being frequently associated with royalty itself, to which, from the position long occupied by his father, and his own gentlemanly bearing, he had an easy introduction. But instead of husbanding his resources, and apportioning a part of his time to study and improvement, he gave way to all the fashionable folly of the time.

"Finding his voice impaired, by the advice and assistance of his father's and his own friend T. Welsh, he retired from public life for twelve months, during which period, by severe study and application, he prepared himself to enter the lists with Braham, Incledon, and others, who were then carrying all before them; and in 1814 he came out at the English Opera House, as the Seraskier in Storace's opera of the *Siege of Belgrade*, in which he fully established his fame and took his stand as one of the first singers of the period. Nor was he idle with his pen, as the following list of musical pieces will witness: viz.—*The Magic Bride*, *Tricks upon Travellers*, *The Boarding House*, *Godolphin*, *Lion of the North*, *Rich and Poor*, *The Statue*, *Charles the Bald*, *The Woodman's Hut*, *Dirce*, *Annette*, *Elections*, *Nourjahad*, *M. P.*, *Lallah Rookh*, *The Wizard*, *Philandering*, and the best of his operatic works, *Peveril of the Peak*. He was many years director of the music under Elliston's management at Drury Lane Theatre, and wrote, besides the above, a portion of the opera of the *Devil's Bridge*, with a set of canzonets dedicated to the Princess Augusta, 'Six Songs' dedicated to Queen Adelaide, and some 300 or 400 songs and duets, &c., some of which have been for many years as popular as anything of the kind ever produced in England; among which we may particularise 'He loves and rides away'; 'Cherry Ripe'; 'I've been roaming'; 'Child of Earth'; 'Even as the Sun'; 'The Mermaid's Cave'; 'The Deep, Deep Sea'; and the never-to-be-worn-out duet, 'I know a bank'; and a host of others, than which no other English composer has written so many of a popular character, which have been sung to the delight of millions!

"There has been a cantata of a half-sacred character, called the *Christmas Bells*, republished here; but it does not seem to have made its way into much publicity; an oratorio called the *Fall of Satan*, originally produced in America, under the cognomen of the *Remission of Sin*, was but once, and that very imperfectly, performed by the Melophonic Society, the words selected from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, a cavatina for soprano from which is the only thing yet published. These, in addition to several popular songs, and a trio or two, are all that have found their way to England. It was reserved for him to produce his most classical work at his last sojourn in England, in 1847; and the one that will give a lasting reputation to his name, whenever it shall have proper justice done to it in performance; viz., *Daniel's Prediction*, a sacred drama of high character, in which, besides some remarkably elegant *morceaux*, there are one or two choruses of great merit and strength, which, with the resources of Exeter Hall, might be made most effective.

Apocryphal of the above, we are pleased to see that His Royal Highness Prince Albert, a munificent patron of talent, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, have graciously signified their intention of patronising a concert for the benefit of the sisters of Charles Horn. A selection from the various works of the celebrated composer, together with his oratorio, the *Prediction*, will be given at the Hanover Rooms, and is to take place the second week in February.

Mrs. G. V. Broom is engaged at the Olympie, and is announced to appear in *Othello* on Monday night. Mr. Davenport will play Iago, and Mrs. Mowatt Desdemona, both for the first time.



## REVIEWS.

"Polka Tremola."—WESSLI, and Co. 229, Regent Street.

This may be considered as companion to the "Polka Glissante," which we had occasion to notice some weeks since, and is one of the most attractive little trifles we have seen during the season, combining as it does so agreeably instruction with amusement—instruction in the shape of a very useful and not difficult study of reiterated notes, amusement in that of a very elegant and danceable polka, which we can conscientiously recommend.

"Oh bid me love," Ballad.—E. REINHOLD.—CRAMER, BEAL and Co.

THE words of this ballad express the devotion of a lover with pretty epithets and images appropriate to the theme. The melody is natural and expressive, and admirably adapted for a contralto voice. The accompaniment is carefully written, and presents some nice points of harmony, which raise it above the ordinary routine of compositions of this kind. Altogether this ballad presents more attractions, both vocal and poetical, than the great mass of ephemeral productions under which the shelves of the music-publishers groan.

## THE PURCELL CLUB.

(From our own Reporter).

THE anniversary meeting of this Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Professor Taylor, the president, was in the chair, and the meeting was more fully attended, as it appeared to us, than on any former occasion; many of the most distinguished members of the musical profession, as well as amateurs, being present. The selection of music was calculated, as usual, to show the supremacy of the great English master in secular as well as ecclesiastical music. It consisted, in the first place, of three of his finest anthems, one of which was that which is remarkable for containing some of the most striking texts of scripture, afterwards introduced by Handel into the *Messiah*—"He was despised and rejected of men," "With his stripes we are healed," and "All we like sheep have gone astray." And no one who compares the music of the two masters can hesitate in thinking that the passages in Purcell's anthem yield in no respect to the parallel passages in the *Messiah*—nay, that Purcell has the advantage in truth and depth of expression.\* This fine anthem was sung in a most artistic manner by Mr. Barnby, Mr. Benson, and Mr. W. H. Seguin.

The sacred pieces were followed by the Ode on the birthday of Queen Mary, the Consort of William the Third; a composition of great magnitude, in a joyous and festive style, with passages of grandeur rising to sublimity. It is a work full of merit, and was done full justice to by Mr. Barnby, Mr. Benson, and W. H. Seguin, assisted by some of Mr. Turle's boys, A bass solo, "While for a righteous cause he arms," sung by Mr. W. H. Seguin, created great applause, as also Mr. Barnby's careful singing in a solo "Return fond Music." The music in the first part of D'Urely's *Don Quixote* was then performed, including the inimitable song—or what would now be called *scena*—"Let the dreadful engines of eternal will," the frantic soliloquy of Cardenio in the wilds of the Sierra Morena—a burst of passion surpassing any thing to be found in dramatic music from Purcell's day to our own.† This

\* We beg leave to differ altogether from our zealous reporter. We cannot imagine how a sane man and a musician can think for one instant of making a comparison between the author of a few anthems and the inspired composer of the *Messiah*.—Ed.

† Our good reporter is surely beside himself. Has he ever heard of Mozart and Beethoven?—Ed.

scene was admirably given by Mr. Machin. An excellent song was also sung by Mr. W. H. Seguin, called "When the world first knew Creation," which was warmly applauded, and deservedly so.

The concluding piece was the exquisite cantata for a tenor voice, "Amidst the shades and cool refreshing streams," sung by Mr. Benson. The other singers were Messrs. Coward, Gear, Lawler, Wilkinson, Fitzwilliam, G. King, Hopkins, Roe, and Gledhill; and the conductor was Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey.

It appeared from the statements made from the chair in the course of the evening, that the society is in a flourishing condition, its funds being able, besides defraying all its annual expenses, to enlarge its library, and to furnish complete sets of books for the performance. It is evident that this society has now established itself on a solid and permanent footing; and it has the prospect of a longevity equal to that of the great old Madrigal Society.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ALBONI has been singing at Geneva and Lyons with her accustomed success. She will return to Paris shortly, after a tour equally brilliant and lucrative. The French "provincials" have shown themselves real judges.

YORK.—Jullien's ball and concert here last week were the most successful he has ever given at York. There were 1700 persons at the concert, and all the aristocracy of the county were at the ball. Jetty Treffz has created quite a *furor*.

OXFORD, JAN. 23.—An exercise for the degree of Bachelor of Music, composed by Charles Danvers Hackett, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, organist of the parish church of Liverpool, was performed in the Music School (which was crowded to excess) this afternoon. The composition displayed great talent, and gave the highest satisfaction to a large audience, consisting chiefly of members of the university, amongst whom were the Professor of Music, Sir Henry R. Bishop, the Vice-Chancellor, &c. &c. At the conclusion of the performance, the composer was loudly cheered by the audience. The degree of Mus. Bac. was conferred on Mr. Hackett at the Convocation the following day.—*Oxford Journal and Chronicle*.

MISS ANNE ROMER has been offered an engagement by Mr. Knowles, of the Theatre Royal Manchester for six months, on very liberal terms. We hear that she has also been offered an engagement to sing in Dublin in the Easter week.

MRS. GEORGE'S CONCERT, announced by us for the 26th instant, is, from unavoidable circumstances, postponed until after the 10th of March. To the ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly volunteered their services we are authorised to add Miss Catherine Hayes, Mr. Balsir Chatterton, and Mr. Richardson.

MISS KATE LODER intends to give a concert on the 9th instant at Bath, in which she will be assisted in the vocal department by Miss Annie Loder, Miss Amalia Hill, Mr. Frank Bodda, &c.

MR. ARTHUR WALBRIDGE LUNN gave a literary and musical evening, at Blagrove's Concert Rooms, on Tuesday. The entertainment was written entirely by Mr. Lunn, and the musical illustrations composed conjointly by Mr. Henry C. Lunn and Mr. John Ashmore. Miss Thornton sang the songs, and Mr. H. C. Lunn accompanied on the pianoforte. The introductory address, the sketches and illustrations were both interesting and amusing. The songs were all favourably received. We have not room to enter into details, but shall speak more fully at the next entertainment, as we have no doubt but that, from its success, Mr. Lunn's literary and musical evening will be repeated.

MELODISTS' CLUB.—At the last meeting of the members of this society, Mr. Osborne, the well-known pianist and composer, played several pieces, written by himself. Both the performance and the compositions of Mr. Osborne were unanimously admired. The evening passed off with great hilarity.



MR. SIMS REEVES, Miss Lucombe, &c., have been giving operas at Bath during the last week, in the intervals of the Wednesday Concerts. The week before they were at Brighton. The present week they are at Plymouth.

THE MESSRS. DISTING have given concerts lately at Stafford, Derby, Loughboro', Leicester, Boston, Lincoln, Lynn, and Swaffham, and have met with great success. They return to town next week.

MUSIC AND COOKERY.—The most singular spit in the world is that of the Count de Castel Maria, one of the most opulent lords of Treviso. This spit turns 130 different roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes, and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton, à l'Anglaise, will be excellent at the twelfth air; and a fowl, à l'Flamande, will be full of gravy at the eighteenth, and so on. It would be difficult, perhaps, to carry farther the love of music and gourmandising.—*Cock's Musical Almanack for 1850.*

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's oratorio, *Saul*, is to be revived at Exeter Hall, on Friday next, the 8th inst. Although not so frequently performed as some other of the great composer's oratorios, it contains many of his finest choruses. Amongst these may be mentioned the opening hymn, "How excellent Thy name," the "Welcome, mighty king," with its quaint accompaniment of bells, "Envy, eldest born of Hell," the lamentations for Saul and Jonathan, and "Gird on thy sword." Among the remarkable solos are, "O Lord! whose mercies numberless," "In sweetest harmony," "Fell rage," and "Sin not, O King," the duet "O, fairest of ten thousand," and the scene between Saul and the Witch of Endor. The overture and the famous "Dead march" are also among Handel's best instrumental pieces.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The operas of *Le Domino Noir*, *Zampa*, and *Le Caid*, will form the attractions at the St. James's Theatre during the ensuing week.

MR. THOMAS, the violinist, has been appointed leader of the Philharmonic Concerts, at Liverpool. The choice of so excellent an artist reflects credit on the judgment of the directors.

MR. HULLAN intends to open the large room in St. Martin's Hall—or rather so much of it as is completed (about two-thirds)—on Monday, the 11th inst., with a miscellaneous concert. The performances will include the "Lauda Sion" of Mendelssohn, a new psalm by Mr. Henry Leslie, and a miscellaneous selection. Among other attractions will be a sonata of Beethoven, for piano and violin, by Sterndale Bennett and Ernst.

MOLIQUE.—Among the greatest attractions of the season, will be a series of three concerts at St. Martin's Hall, to be given by this eminent violinist and composer.

MISS VAN MILLINGEN has returned to England, after a successful professional tour on the Continent during the last four years. She sang in Wallachia, Hungary, Bohemia, Prussia, and several of the German states. She played Pierotto, in *Linda di Chamouni*, and Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, at the theatre, in Pesth, in the German language, and was very favourably received.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.—Mr. J. O'Halliwel has addressed to the *Times* a letter, in which he deplors the anticipated gradual destruction of this valuable document, in consequence of the strict rules in force at the Prerogative Office, an exception to which he pleads for in the case of Shakespeare's last testamentary papers. They form, it seems, three sheets of foolscap, and being tied together at the top by a bond of parchment or whipcord, they cannot be examined without injurious handling, in consequence of which manipulation the final *e* in Shakespeare has (he asserts) disappeared. The officials look on the connecting whipcord with such scrupulous awe that they necessarily will bring about the ultimate wasting away of the relic, and he suggests that some authority be obtained for placing the three separate sheets under plate glass, whereby they may be inspected without being handled.

THE ROYAL THEATRICALS.—In consequence of the death of Mrs. Bartley, whose decease we announce in another part of our paper, the Queen has graciously excused Mr. Bartley from appearing in the forthcoming dramatic performances at Windsor

Castle. Her Majesty had previously commanded the representation of Henry IV., partly with the view of witnessing Mr. Bartley in Sir John Falstaff. That play, in compliance with Her Majesty's express wish, will not now be performed, but in its place will be given the comediotta, *Charles the Twelfth*, and the Hon. Colonel Phipp's translation of *King René's*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean will appear.

THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.—At the usual Monday Evening Concert, in the Town Hall of Birmingham, last Monday week, the performance was announced to conclude with the Russian National Anthem. This the audience, which was very numerous and respectable, refused to hear; and though the organist taxed the power of his noble instrument to the utmost, the *vox populi* airily overpowered it, and would not hear it at any rate.

GARRISON THEATRICALS.—Mr. Harry Lee Carter (late of the 7th Fusiliers) has just sent from England, where he is now residing, a clever original Prologue, which is to be spoken before the commencement of the new light comedy, which is to be acted on the 9th instant by the officers of the garrison, for the benefit of the Blind Asylum. It was for the benefit of this same institution, in October, 1848, (on the occasion of the first garrison theatricals in Cork,) that Mr. Carter charmed a crowded and fashionable audience, not only by his talents as an actor, but by his first-rate musical powers. It appears that Mr. Carter was one of the first persons who read and approved of the new comedy. He has now volunteered to identify himself with its first performance, by forwarding to the author a prologue, written by himself expressly for the occasion.—*Cork Constitution.*

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Friday, February 8th, Ambrose Thomas's new and successful opera "LE CAID," and on Monday, February 11th, will be produced, (for the first time in this country,) Adolphe Adam's comic opera, "LE ROI D'YVETOT," in which M. Chollet will personate the character of Josselyn, as performed by him upon the original production of the opera in Paris.

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